

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Westerly breezes; fine and sunny generally; warm in the afternoon.

Lightning-up time: 7.15 p.m.

Sea passages in the east and south will be pleasant; moderate or rather rough in the west by afternoon.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

His Majesty the King, together with the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, attend the funeral service of the late Duke of Cambridge at Westminster Abbey to-day. Late last evening the body was removed from Gloucester House.—(Page 2.)

Interest in the Commons centred in the vote of censure on the Government moved by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, whose comments on the Chinese labour question were replied to by Mr. Lyttelton.—(Page 2.)

In the Lords the debate on the Chinese labour question was resumed by the Bishop of Hereford, who made a bitter attack on Lord Milner.—(Page 2.)

Still no news is to hand of hostilities in the Far East. A Japanese merchant at Tientsin, suspected of being a Russian spy, has been buried alive.—(Page 2.)

Thieves, entering premises belonging to Lord Ardilaun, an Irish peer, succeeded in escaping with firearms. No arrest has yet been made in connection with the affair, which was of exceptionally daring character.—(Page 6.)

Further letters received respecting the naval blackmail scandal unmasked in the *Mirror* prove the truth of the allegations and reveal a state of things worse than was imagined.—(Page 5.)

All yesterday salvage operations with respect of the submarine A1 were continued. It is hoped that the vessel will be raised at an early hour to-day.—(Page 2.)

Some theories respecting the lost submarine are analysed in a special article appearing in this issue.—(Page 1.)

In the Divorce Court was related the sequel to a voyage to Australia, the second officer of the boat being cited as co-respondent. Petitioner, Mr. C. H. Strickland, obtained his decree.—(Page 6.)

Indicted at the Old Bailey for fraud and bigamy a butcher named Trill was sentenced to nine months' hard labour. Prisoners told a strange story of having lost situations through revengeful telegrams sent by a woman.—(Page 6.)

Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Never-Never Land," founded on the story by the author which recently appeared in the *Mirror*, was presented last evening at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith.—(Page 4.)

Judge Edge, at Clerkenwell yesterday, found that the sketch "Purgatory" could not be called immoral, and awarded plaintiff in the action against Collins's Music Hall £21. Leave to appeal was given.—(Page 6.)

Reuter records a shocking crime at Vienna. A butcher's assistant, entering a house in order to rob the safe, attacked four persons with a knife, inflicting wounds which proved fatal.—(Page 3.)

Included among a number of defendants summoned at Enfield yesterday for non-payment of the education rate was the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple.—(Page 6.)

Philadelphia has a beauty parlour for horses managed by a veterinary surgeon of repute. The plan on which the establishment is worked is explained in a special article.—(Page 11.)

Scores of letters are still being received protesting against Sir Francis Jeune's recent remarks concerning bachelors.—(Page 4.)

On the ground of his misconduct a young woman yesterday petitioned for divorce from her husband, a convict. The case was adjourned in order to establish respondent's identity.—(Page 6.)

As a result of panic seizing miners at a colliery near Newcastle-on-Tyne, two were crushed to death by the framework of the cage.—(Page 2.)

Disappointed at the refusal of his father to help him a young Austrian living in Holborn, who contracted a runaway marriage, has committed suicide by shooting.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Fotheringham, the magistrate, disapproves of the custom among ladies of wearing bright metal purses, holding that it is a distinct temptation to the hungry.—(Page 6.)

Fair weather and a capital attendance marked the opening of the flat-racing season at Lincoln, the first race being won by Sir J. Miller's Golden Castle. Goldrush secured the Bathway Plate—the chief item on the programme.—(Page 14.)

Business on 'Change was only moderate, and Consols remained very dull. There was little doing in Home Railways, but Americans improved on receipt of good news from New York. Uneasiness was noticeable among Foreign bonds. In the miscellaneous section dock stocks were the feature.—(Page 15.)

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Funeral of the Duke of Cambridge: Service at Westminster Abbey. After the interment at Kensal Green Cemetery: Memorial Services at St. Lawrence Jewry and the Foundling Hospital.

Meeting of Arts & M. Alfred E. Emmott, M.P., on "Cotton Growing in the British Empire." 4.30.

Canon Rawnsley presides at a meeting to inaugurate the proposed Cumberland and Westmorland Association in Sir William Holborn Restaurant, 7.30.

Mr. W. H. Smith presides at the annual meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, St. Swithin's, 3.30.

Extension of British Trade: Meeting at the Commercial Bourse, Eastcheap, 2.30.

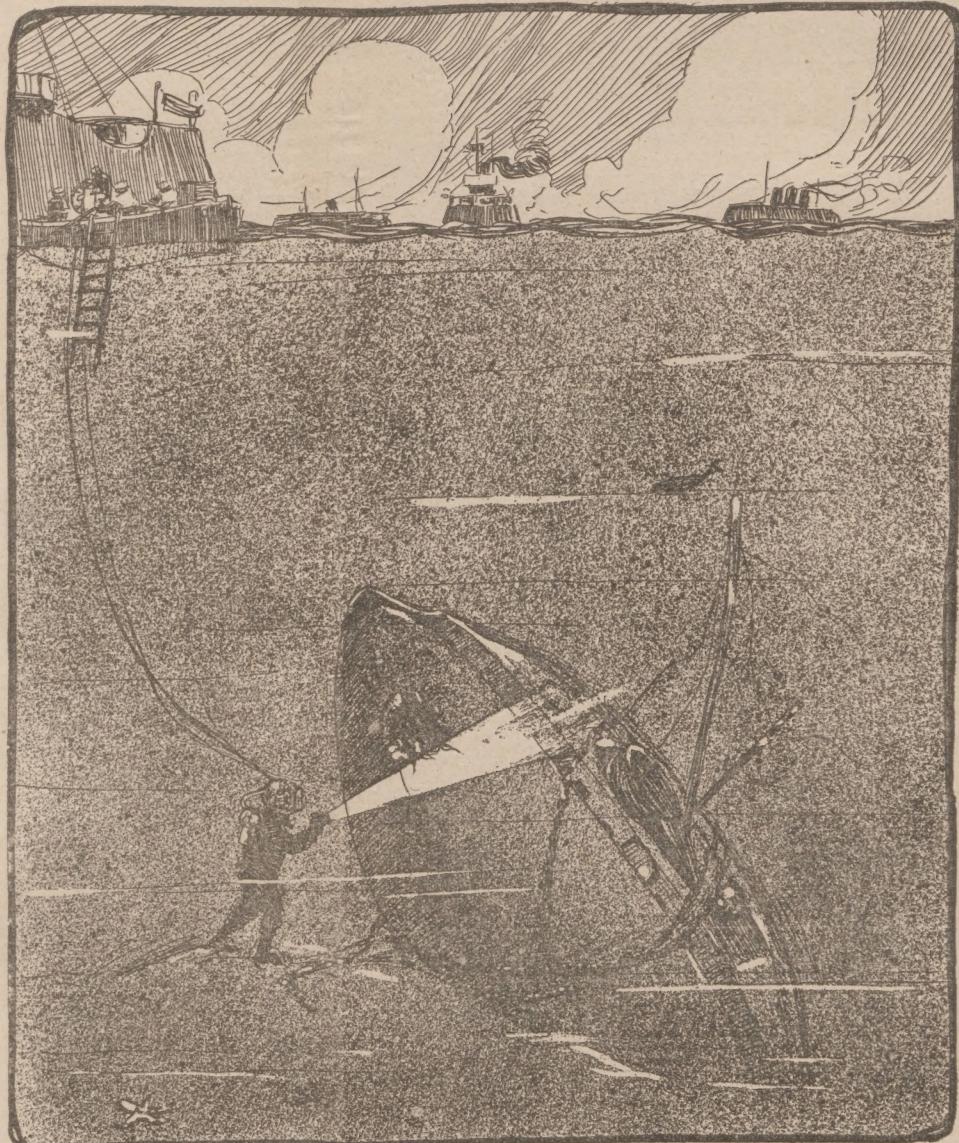
Lancaster and South Wales Railway's Electrification of Liverpool, Crosby, and Southport Line, trial run.

Mr. J. T. Hibbert presides at a conference of the Education Committee of the County Councils' Association with representatives of the county boroughs on the training of teachers other than pupil-teachers, Institution of Mechanical Engineers, II.

Meeting of Great Britain and Ireland: Annual Meeting, Agricultural Hall, 5.30.

Race for the Lincolnshire Handicap.

AT WORK ON THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE.



Extremely difficult is the task of raising the hull of the submarine A1. The attempt to raise it by ordinary means having failed, the rents in the vessel must be repaired by divers and the craft lightened by pumping. Several days must elapse before the raising of the boat and the recovery of the bodies.

[by our Portsmouth correspondent.]

FOUR MURDERED FOR MONEY.

A terrible crime has been perpetrated, says a Vienna telegram. A butcher's assistant, Ebner, made his way into the house of a

butcher named Svatos, in the Ottakring, in order to rob the safe.

Ebner attacked Svatos, his wife, the apprentice, and a maid-servant with a knife, inflicting wounds to which they succumbed. The murderer was

however, unable to secure any valuables, as the girl's cries attracted the attention of the passers-by. The criminal endeavoured to escape by a window, but was discovered by a soldier and a cyclist, whereupon he attempted to commit suicide.

ROOF-TESTING EXTRAORDINARY.



In the building of a mammoth warehouse for the storage of bulky goods carried to and from Manchester by way of the Ship Canal, nothing has been left to chance. To make certain that this four-storey building will stand a big strain, a weight of 140 tons of pig iron has been moved from end to end of the flat roof.

[by R. Bank, Manchester.]

"THE NEVER-NEVER LAND."

Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Mirror" Story Made Into a Play.

A crowded audience of *Mirror* readers thronged the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, last night from pit to gallery to witness an object-lesson in play-writing such as is rarely vouchsafed. Only a week or two ago everybody had been

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WHERE THE DUKE WILL REST.

reading day by day in the pages of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* this same story of death, and hope, and love, set amid those pastoral solitudes in the "back blocks" of Australia, that have earned so pitifully and picturesquely the name of "The Never-Never Land."

And now—hey presto!—with the memory of those thrilling chapters yet fresh in their minds, *Mirror* readers had the opportunity of seeing the whole recounted converted into a play by the dexterous and experienced hand of Mr. Wilson Barrett himself. It all seemed so easy! The changes and chances, the joys and sorrows, the humour and pathos of Jack Mowbray's adventures in the far Australian bush, and the quiet home in England, arrived so naturally—that everyone went away thinking that they, too, would be playwrights one day.

Love and Conscience.

But it was not so easy as it looked, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson Barrett has done a very difficult job with infinite tact and cleverness in arranging "The Never-Never Land" for the foot lights. For, as readers of the story will remember, the whole plot turns upon the subtlest conflict of passion and honour in the mind of Jack Mowbray. Jack is, when we meet him first, something of a "new chum" on an Australian farm, and possesses a curious likeness to his comrade, Landale, the dissolute heir of Landale Abbey. Young Landale dies, making Jack Mowbray promise that he will go back to the old home at Landale Abbey, and take his place, and, in fact, pretend to be the long-lost son. Jack Mowbray does all this at his friend's behest, and, thanks to his likeness to the actual heir, succeeds in entirely deceiving the mother and daughter.

But here—and this is where Mr. Barrett's talents as a playwright have their test—not only does conscience come into play, but love. To be brief, Jack Mowbray falls in love with the beautiful girl who imagines herself his sister. This is a theme that needs, indeed, a master hand to touch the heart without offence. But Mr. Wilson Barrett's perfect taste and delicate sense succeed where all else would fail, and the scenes between Jack Mowbray and Sybil are among the most triumphantly and poignantly appealing in the whole play.

Humour Mixed with Pathos.

With here all its pathos "The Never-Never Land" betrays Mr. Wilson Barrett's skill also in the varied and racy humour of which it is full. Mr. Austin Melford—though he is to far more solemn ordeals—made the audience roar at the King's with the shrewd wit of Nat Rudder, the rascally husband of a regular slattern of a wife, whom Jack Landale imagined he had married in Australia. As a matter of fact she was all the time the possessor not only of this lubberly husband but of a poor little daughter, called Smudge, played by Miss Hilda Wright just in that half-comic, half-pathetic way of hers that puts the audience in doubt as to whether they shall laugh first and cry afterwards or reverse the process. Do one or both they must.

One may add that a special professional matinée of "The Never-Never Land" has been arranged at the King's for Saturday, when Mr. Wilson Barrett will himself play Jack Mowbray's part, entrusted worthily to Mr. Albert Ward for the rest of the week. There will be just a few seats for the public at the matinée.

MORE LAW FOR BABY FARMERS.

Stringent provisions are contained in a Bill which Mr. Spear has introduced to amend the Infant Protection Act, 1897.

It is proposed to extend the operation of the Act to cases where only one child is taken in to be nursed. At present the adoptive parents escape supervision unless they receive more than one child for hire or reward.

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Mr. Choate, the United States ambassador, was yesterday afternoon presented with the freedom of Edinburgh.

Mr. Edward E. Nicholls announces that he has no intention of retiring from his candidature for the Isle of Thanet division.

For the purpose of enabling them to purchase the property of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company the Marylebone Borough Council are

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BLACKMAIL IN THE NAVY.

Naval Police Denounced by Numerous Letters From Seamen Who Have Suffered.

CAN NOTHING BE DONE?

Yesterday we gave the plain, unvarnished tale of a seaman who had called at this office to give us his own experiences of blackmail in the Navy. Today we print a selection from the mass of letters which have reached us proving our allegations up to the hilt and showing the state of things to be worse even than we believed it to be at the outset.

This is from a petty officer, whom everyone at Chatham would know at once if his name were mentioned:—

"It is an open secret here that the *Mirror* and 'Truth' and the 'Naval and Military Record' are absolutely correct, but the modus operandi is so insidious as to render the specified breaches of discipline almost impossible of detection by those in authority. I firmly believe the commanding officer is making an earnest endeavour to eradicate this evil root and branch, though I fear he is essaying an Herculean task. It is common knowledge that this pernicious system of bribery and blackmail has been carried on in this dépôt for some considerable time, and, further, these malpractices were only dropped or carried on in a less open manner since your editorial comment.

A Sensible Suggestion.

"In my humble opinion, the only way to safely 'scotch' one of the hydra-headed and most profitable sources of corruption is for the responsible officer of the day to organise a series of surprise musters of the defaulters from time to time, especially during week-end leave, and if they are not all present, to insist on seeing them, and not be put off with the usual remark that they are here, there, or elsewhere, on fatigue duty; also to make himself absolutely sure that the defaulters list is not 'cooked.'

"To illustrate what I mean by a 'cooked' list I will relate an incident of undiluted impudent bluff which occurred only a short time ago. An officer had occasion to tell a certain 'crusher' (ship's corporal) to put a certain bluejacket in the 'rattle' (report) in the evening. This defaulter, however, 'squared' the 'crusher' in the usual way to let him go on night leave. Of course, the mere fact of his being in the 'rattle' ought to have prevented him going ashore that particular night. But both were, no doubt, under the impression that the latter would not be required to 'tow the line' till the following morning. Later on, the officer, I presume, thinking that the man's offence hardly merited punishment, ordered the said corporal to bring the man before him.

How Officers are Deceived.

"Now for the sequel. Going along the parade ground he (the 'crusher') singled out a likely-looking individual to suit his purpose, and took him before the officer, who reprimanded and cautioned him not to commit the offence again. Of course, the innocent victim, utterly non-plussed, began to expostulate. 'Silence!' said the 'crusher,' sternly, and the next moment the 'defaulter' was dismissed.

The writer was not actually present at this scene, but it is exactly on a par with what I have witnessed in other depôts and ships."

The police very often do not ask for bribes in so many words. Here is a letter illustrating the way in which they treat those who are not ready with their money. The writer had been on duty all day, "steaming one of the new torpedo-boats," and just missed the liberty men going ashore.

"As duty had detained us, the 'crusher' (ship's

LAST NIGHT IN ST. FAITH'S CHAPEL.



Irish Guards watched the body of the late Duke of Cambridge last night, keeping their mournful ward over the remains of their former Commander-in-Chief in one of the small chapels behind the chancel in Westminster Abbey.

(Drawn yesterday by a "Daily Mirror" artist.)

"After about ten minutes he returned and wanted to know if we had a 'chit' signed by the doctor.

"You will see that all these excuses are only made with the object of inducing men to offer a bribe. You see, it is done so quietly that no one could very well say anything, as the police do not actually ask for it.

"But, you say, was there not someone we could have gone to and explained? Yes, there was, but as we might as well have tried to take Gibraltar, as every Service man wishing to see the Commander or captain has to do this by making out a request form, which is forwarded through this very police department. That would have made us marked

down to sail on a certain date. "Now there is a regulation which states no man shall leave the dépôt the night before sailing. How does he get out?—2s., and stand your own rub. Now, until the regulations are modified we do not want tipping stopped in cases of this kind."

NEAR EASTERN RIVALS.

Racial hatred between the Czechs and Germans, which was recently strikingly exemplified by Kubelik, the famous violinist, being hooted off a concert stage, is becoming acute in Austria.

A thousand Czechs held a meeting at Vienna last week, at which seven members of Parliament

BULLET-PROOF OINTMENT.

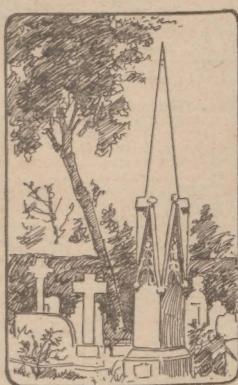
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

A number of reservists from Perm, on entraining at Tchelabinsk, for the Far East, were observed to have in their possession small bottles of the kind provided by the State for vodka, filled with a curious greenish substance.

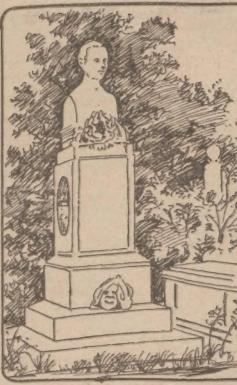
A few days later some soldiers were noticed dyed a deep olive green, and an inquiry was held. Some of the soldiers admitted that before leaving their village a wise woman named Lietkin had sold them, at a rouble a bottle, a Holy ointment, the chief ingredient of which was marrow taken



BALFE.
Men famous in English literature and history lie buried in Kensal Green cemetery, where the body of the Duke of Cambridge will be laid to rest to-day. Among the tombs near the Cambridge mausoleum are those of Balfe, the composer, Fergus O'Connor, the Irish patriot, Thomas Hood, the author of the Song of the Shirt, Blondin, the rope-walker, and William Makepeace Thackeray.



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THOMAS HOOD.



BLONDIN.



W. M. THACKERAY.

(corporal) had to make us out a 'chit' and get it signed by the officer of the day or the Commander. This we knew, so we went to the police office to get the leave corporal to make one out, but this individual, who was strumming on a banjo, and not feeling the least inclined to do what it was his duty to do, put us off for half an hour.

"When we returned, he was off duty, and referred to another corporal, who, after wishing to know this and that, took our names for the purpose of making out a 'chit' for the Commander to sign and told us to wait outside the office. After about fifteen to twenty minutes he came to know if we had been vaccinated, as no one was allowed to go on shore without a vaccinated arm; but, as we had all been done, he had to retire to invent some fresh obstacle to place in our way, or to give us more time to get our hard-earned shilling ready.

men, and very soon we should have been sailing far away, and many a stormy wind would blow ere we came home again.

A letter from Southampton, signed "Nemesis," confirms the story published last week about the gambling game "under and over" being permitted by the ship's corporals "for a consideration." The writer describes how this used to be done in his ship, and also says the ship's corporals made a practice of lending money at exorbitant rates of interest. "Every word of this letter is gospel truth," he concludes, "and could be sworn to in a court of justice, and if you want to know a few of the delinquents' names I can prove good proofs."

"Although you are trying to redress a wrong," writes "Veritas," from Chatham, "I am doubtful if the majority of the lower-deck would thank you for it. For instance, a man is on draft" (i.e.,

and two Russian editors were present. The latter assured the Czechs they could count on the support of 100,000,000 Russians to bring about the union of all Slav races against the Germans.

HORSE STOPS ALL TRAFFIC.

Electric trams were held up yesterday afternoon for a considerable distance on the Clapham-road through a somewhat remarkable accident.

One of the cars proceeding from Tooting to Blackfriars collided with a dray near Union-road. The dray horses were knocked down, and one of them got wedged between the dray and the car.

Over half an hour elapsed before the unfortunate animal was released, and in the meantime a procession of trams on the way to the City had gathered along the line.

from the bones of saints buried at Solovets Monastery, near Archangel.

The ointment rendered anyone smeared with it bullet-proof, and as the soldiers expected that the Japanese might attack their train at any moment they were preparing.

It appeared that the less fortunate soldiers had begged to be allowed to buy some of the ointment, and the further the train got East the higher the price.

Mr. Richard Cory, of Langdon Court, Plymouth, who died in January last, left an estate valued at £385,583.

At Stone-street, Gravesend, last evening, Miss Hammond, aged about thirty-five, fell on the fire in a fit, and was burnt to death.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME."

Absconding Mess Butler—Story of Revengeful Telegrams.

In his capacity of butler to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, Charles Owen Trill entered into an arrangement with Emilie Collobot to cater for the officers' mess. Having drawn £50 from Collobot, he absconded.

At Brighton he met a girl named Mary Gill, and when she went into service in Paris he followed her there, and obtained a situation in the same household. Afterwards they were married, and returned to London. But at the same time Trill had a first wife still living, whom he allowed £1s. a week, and often stayed with.

At the Old Bailey yesterday he was indicted on the double charge of fraud and bigamy. It was stated that he had served a term of penal servitude previously.

Addressing the court in his own defence the prisoner said that when he came out of gaol he obtained a situation in Brighton as a waiter. He had held his situation only a fortnight when the proprietor received a telegram informing him that his (prisoner) was a ticket-of-leave man, and he was at once discharged. He obtained a second situation, but after being there a week a telegram came there also, and he was again dismissed.

This happened in a third case; and then the chief constable at Brighton, seeing how he was being frustrated at every turn, obtained employment for him as a tram conductor.

The Recorder asked a detective present in court if it was the practice of the police to notify employers about ticket-of-leave men being in their service?

The Detective: No, my lord. These telegrams came from a woman with whom the prisoner had kept company.

The Recorder: Oh, cherchez la femme! I thought he meant the police sent the telegrams.

Trill: No, my lord, I must say the police have behaved very kindly towards me.

Sentence of nine months' hard labour was passed on the prisoner.

DARING THEFT OF FIREARMS.

Irish Steward's House Broken Into in Broad Daylight.

One of the most daring thefts investigated in recent times by the Irish police has been committed at the residence of a steward at Moyode Castle, near Craughwell, owned by Lord Ardilaun. Two men with their faces blackened entered the house, where firearms are kept, in broad daylight.

In spite of an attempt of the steward's wife to prevent them, they took away four double-barrelled fowling-pieces, a rifle, a revolver, and a quantity of ammunition.

There were a number of men outside the house awaiting the appearance of their comrades. Lord Ardilaun's steward was away in Dublin at the time.

Word was at once sent to the authorities, who instituted a search for the missing property. This resulted in the discovery in a wood of some of the ammunition and two game bags.

WHITEWASHING "PURGATORY."

Mr. Rollo Balmain, who undertook to produce a dramatic episode entitled "Purgatory" at Collins's Music Hall, Islington, has been successful in his claim at Clerkenwell County Court for a week's salary from the proprietors of this place of entertainment on account of their having refused after the first night's performance to permit any subsequent productions of the piece. The reason they gave for this course of action was that the piece was immoral and gave offence to members of the audience.

In giving judgment yesterday Judge Edge observed that Mr. Balmain and his wife—the latter took one of the principal parts—were acknowledged to be actors of repute, and was it likely therefore that Mr. Balmain, who read the piece before he purchased it, would purchase it knowing it to be an indecent or immoral play?

He gave judgment for Mr. Balmain for the £21 which was claimed as a week's salary and costs. A further claim for damages for breach of contract was withdrawn.

MISFORTUNE FOLLOWS MISFORTUNE.

In Croydon Police Court yesterday there was related a series of motor misadventures. In the first place, Mr. Frederick Hamilton, of Anerley, engaged a chauffeur who said he had a licence and two years' experience. The car had been driven a hundred yards when the chauffeur declined to go further, as he said he did not understand the machine.

Then Mr. Douglas Hamilton undertook to steer, and the car collided with a pair-horse van. The policeman, called to take particulars, found that the motor was not licensed.

Mr. Douglas Hamilton was summoned for driving an unlicensed car, and Mr. Frank Hamilton for employing an unlicensed driver. The position was explained to the Bench, who ordered each defendant to pay costs.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL AS RESISTER.

Included among twenty-four resisters summoned at Enfield yesterday was the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple.

Entering a formal protest he said they felt that the law made an unjust demand upon their consciences which they must resist. Warrants were issued in respect of the amount due.

At a subsequent protest meeting Mr. Campbell said police-court proceedings of this sort would not survive the next general election. Anyway, as resisters were prepared to fight to the bitter end.

Through falling into the fireplace where she lodged at Marylebone, an old maid named Henrietta Davies, the wife of a retired lieutenant-colonel, sustained burns which proved fatal. The jury yesterday found that her death was accidental.

MOONLIGHT FLIRTATIONS ON DECK.

Husband's Touching Letter Imploring His Wife to Give Up a Lover "Before it is Too Late."

A voyage to Australia and the romantic effect that the tropical moonlight has on the emotions of a lady who is fancy free were responsible for a pathetic divorce suit brought before Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

The petitioner was a gentleman of position, Mr. Claud Hugh Strickland, whom the Judge highly complimented during the hearing of the trial.

The respondent was his wife, Maude Strickland, a fascinating young lady, whom he married in 1902.

The co-respondent was Mr. Seager, who, in 1902, was second officer on board the liner *Austral*, belonging to the Orient Steam Navigation Company.

Four years after they were married, said Mr. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Strickland lived a life of complete married happiness. Then disagreements began. Unhappiness succeeded to happiness, and there was trouble of another sort when, in 1902, Mrs. Strickland had to undergo a very serious operation.

Her doctors advised a sea voyage, so Mr. Strickland arranged that his wife, accompanied by a nurse, should take a trip to Australia on board the *Austral*.

He received several letters by mail from her, and in one of these letters the name of Mr. Seager was mentioned, but Mr. Strickland at the time did not take any notice of the reference.

At the beginning of 1903 Mrs. Strickland returned to England, landing at Tilbury, and her husband went down to the dock to meet her. When he went on board his wife introduced him to the second officer, with whom she seemed to be on very friendly terms. It was at her suggestion that Mr. Seager and a brother officer were invited to dinner at the Stricklands' house in Tedworth-square, Chelsea.

After dinner a visit to a place of amusement was suggested, and Mrs. Strickland asked to be allowed to accompany the gentlemen.

Mystery of a Hansom Cab.

Two hansom cabs were accordingly engaged. In the first were Mrs. Strickland and Mr. Seager. In the second Mr. Strickland and the other officer. So to the two cabs drove to the venue selected.

But when the second cab got there Mrs. Strickland and Mr. Seager could not be found.

Mr. Strickland did not see his wife until late that night, and the next morning he asked what had

the appreciation that his manly words to his wife produced.

He is a young man, with clean-cut, handsome features, but the growth of his hair does not cover the fore part of his head. It is possible owing to this peculiarity that his wife in her happy days gave him the pet name of "Koko."

Her Husband's Appeal.

His letter was as follows:

Dear Maude—Before taking any final steps I wish to have a talk with you and to ask if you have fully considered what this break in our life means to you, to me, and to the children. From your letter of this morning I understand that you and Mr. Seager have not gone beyond the fine of friendship. If this is, as I gather, I ask you to have

the case had another feature in common with

for Mrs. Whetstone kept a tobacconist's shop, and numbered Mr. Cornforth among her customers. From the very first, according to the statement of the widow's counsel, the widow and her customer took a mutual interest in one another; in fact, their friendship ripened so rapidly into love that in a fortnight from their first meeting they became engaged. But three months later Mr. Cornforth's attitude changed, his love had cooled, and he told the widow that he would not marry her.

Ruined Veils.

This heartless conduct caused Mrs. Whetstone much pain; indeed, she declared that her heart was broken. There were serious items of expenditure to be taken into consideration also, for she had to spend several shillings a week on new veils, because her lover was so fervent in his courtship that when he kissed her he did not wait to give her time to raise her veil.

More serious still, she had lost 20lb. in weight through grieving over his deceitfulness.

A different story was told by the defendant, who denied any promise of marriage and asserted that the courting was all on the widow's side, and—though it was not leap-year—it was she who made the proposal of marriage. He found her so overbearing after a time that he declined to have any more to do with her.

Mr. Cornforth's counsel asked the jury whether it was not ridiculous to suggest that his client, a widower, rushed into the widow's arms on so short an acquaintance. The jury responded with the popular farthing verdict.

LADY MONEY-LENDER.

Client Borrows £400, Repays £221, and Owes £345.

"R. Leslie" is the professional title adopted by Mrs. Levene, who is a registered money-lender. A claim was made on her behalf, before Mr. Justice Channell in the King's Bench Division yesterday, to recover £345 upon a promissory note from Mr. Greenwood, a farmer and Government contractor, living at Aldershot.

Mr. Greenwood put forward the defence that the rate of interest was unreasonable, and the bar gained unconscionable within the meaning of the Money Lender's Act.

According to the lady money-lender's case, £200 was lent to Mr. Greenwood for four months at a charge of 450%. As the instalments fell into arrear, the promissory note was renewed from time to time. Mr. Levene, who acted as manager for his wife, admitted in cross-examination that in all £200 had been lent to Mr. Greenwood. The amount repaid by him was £321 15s., leaving the amount due £345.

The Judge, at the conclusion of the evidence for both sides, said he could not come to the conclusion in regard to the first loan of £200, and the agreed repayment by defendant of £250, that that was harsh and unconscionable within the meaning of the Act.

His Lordship added that he did not like the Money Lenders' Act as it was at present stood, for it was drawn as a Bill which gave no rule by which a Judge was to go in considering whether he should reopen a transaction or not. One day, perhaps, the legislature would make the Act a little clearer.

Under all the circumstances he decided to give plaintiff interest down to the time of the writ on the amount of money the defendant actually had in hand, and would give his precise figures to-day.

NEMESIS, THE GANGER.

A curious application for divorce was made by a Mrs. Clara Elizabeth Woods before Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

She related how she met her husband—recently sentenced to seven years' imprisonment at the Old Bailey—at Southend. He then represented himself to be an officer in the Imperial Yeomanry, but she afterwards found out that he was the son of a ganger living in Mile End.

When she made this discovery known to her husband he aimed a revolver at her, and she told the Court that if assistance had not come she would have been dead in half a minute.

The hearing of the case was adjourned.

MR. GILL'S MODEST £2,000.

When Mr. Justice Darling took his seat in the High Court yesterday Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., applied for judgment for £600 and costs for Mrs. Fraser in accordance with the jury's verdict in the breach of promise action against Mr. J. O. Spear.

Mr. Dickens, K.C., for defendant, asked for a stay of execution on the ground that the damages were excessive.

Mr. Justice Darling said he considered £500 would have been a reasonable amount.

Mr. Dickens agreed.

Mr. Gill: I thought it should have been £2,000.

Mr. Justice Darling: Oh, did you. (Laughter.) It being understood reasonable time would be given defendant to pay, the application for a stay was dropped and judgment entered for £600 and costs.

MR. STRICKLAND, who obtained a decree nisi in Mr. Justice Barnes' Court yesterday.

happened to her. She replied that she and Mr. Seager had "missed" Mr. Strickland and his companion, and could not find them anywhere. After telegraphing to this effect, she and Mr. Seager had had supper together.

Shortly after this Mr. Strickland's suspicions were again aroused. His wife had gone down to Brighton after an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Strickland also became unwell, and wrote to his wife proposing that he should join her. In reply came back a note saying that Mrs. Strickland was afraid that her husband would find the place very dull, and advising him not to come.

But Mr. Strickland went, and, to his surprise, found that Mr. Seager, who was on furlough, was in Brighton, too.

"Feelings We Cannot Understand."

He asked his wife for an explanation, and she wrote him the following letter:—

My Dear Koko.—Thank you for your letter. It is good of you to make an explanation. It will hurt you, I am afraid. I want to live alone, as I love Mr. Seager as I have never loved anyone before, and I am glad to say that he loves me. The love I feel for him is very strong, and we are very close. I feel towards you. God gives us feelings that we cannot understand. I suppose it is fate. You naturally won't want to live with us, as I am sick. Don't you feel that the best thing regarding is best for us both? Will you let me have Sonny? (one of the children). I won't say I am sorry, for in one way I am, and in another way I am not. I can take care of myself in the country, and find out life as best I can.

Mr. Strickland's reply to this letter produced a great impression when it was read in court, and there was much applause when Mr. Justice Barnes remarked that "that letter does Mr. Strickland great credit."

The author of the letter stood sad-eyed and silent in the witness-box, and appeared not to notice

the knowledge about what had happened when his wife and Mr. Seager were together at Brighton.

Mrs. Strickland had refused to stop in certain lodgings because her rooms did not communicate with one another. She had to leave another set of rooms because her landlady objected to her sitting up late with Mr. Seager.

The evidence, given on commission, of the nurse who chaperoned Mrs. Strickland during the voyage, was read in court. The nurse said that Mrs. Strickland and the second officer provoked general comment by sitting together on every possible occasion.

Mrs. Strickland was quite cross when the nurse pointed this out to her and suggested that she should give up flirting.

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AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. — TO-NIGHT at 9. JOSEPH ENTANGLLED By Harry Arthur Jones. Presented at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.20.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVER EVENING at 8.15. THE DARLING OF THE GODS. By David Belasco and John Luther Long. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, WESTMINSTER. — TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 9. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3. MR. LEWIS WALLER.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE. — By Sydney Grundy.

At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER. NOTICE.—This THEATRE will be CLOSED from MONDAY, March 28, to SATURDAY, April 1 (HOLY WEEK), REOPENING on EASTER MONDAY, April 4, with A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER begs to announce that the successful run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed for a limited number of performances, commencing TO-NIGHT (Tuesday) at 8.20, and continuing until SATURDAY, April 2, 1904.

OLD HEIDELBERG. — TO-NIGHT at 8.20 (for a limited number of performances). MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, and WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY following, at 2.15.—ST. JAMES'S.

THE OXFORD.—HACKENSCHMIDT. — World's Champion Wrestler. LITTLE TICH. Adm. Cerito, Norman French, MIKE S. WHALLEY, Howard and Eddie, MARY MILLER, Sisters, Jongleurs, EBBOS, EGERTON, and other stars.—OPEN SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager—Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch," for each year from 1801 to 1819 inclusive, and for the years 1825 and '26, and 1869, '70, and '71.—Address M. "Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are:— 2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONE: 1810 and 1819 Holborn.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are:— 45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W. TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refined," London. PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

Why Does the Admiralty Wait?

The case for an inquiry into the charges of systematic blackmail against the Naval Police at Chatham in particular, and generally at all naval stations and in most of his Majesty's ships, is, after the personal statements we have published day after day for a fortnight, overwhelmingly strong. The question now is, Does the Admiralty intend to set an inquiry on foot?

Under Lord Selborne the efficiency of the Navy has been very much increased. Can his advisers be content to see such a system as this continuing to impair efficiency and discipline without bestirring themselves to put it down? It is very certain that there are many officers who would be glad to see the abuse abolished, but naturally they do not wish for more publicity than is absolutely necessary. The practice of washing dirty linen in the open is not one which Englishmen favour.

Nor, indeed, have we any desire to expose evils for the mere sake of the exposure. The honour and good name of the Navy are as precious to us as they are to all Britons. It is only because there is no way to remove this blot upon our Naval honour save by drawing attention to it and letting the nation see how ugly a blot it is that we have devoted our columns to the work of unveiling the "crusher" and showing him in his true colours.

It may be said that the practice of "tipping" (a term which many people prefer to "blackmail") dates a long way back, and that it is not worth while to disturb it now. The argument would be a bad one anyway, though it might serve supposing the practice did not bear hardly upon anyone. But when we have proof that this practice is regarded as a hardship and an outrage by the men who are compelled to "tip," it is obvious that an official inquiry ought to be instituted. There must first, however, be given an assurance that men who come forward to offer evidence will not suffer for it in the future. As soon as that is done, there will be no lack of testimony.

The Randlords v. The Empire.

There is no doubt that the country feels strongly about Chinese labour in the Transvaal. But there is a great deal of doubt as to whether it puts any faith in the Liberal leaders' protestations on the subject. Do they protest because they are convinced that to flood the Rand with Chinese will be bad for

WAIT TILL RUSSIA WAKES UP.



While Russia is as yet hardly at all on the way with her preparations for the campaign, and has only displayed energy so far in issuing terrible threats of what she will do some day, wide-awake Japan has already gained a good lead and can afford to laugh at warfare by proclamation.

the Transvaal, bad for South Africa as a whole, bad for the Empire? Or are they merely using the question as a convenient stick to beat the Government with, and professing interest in it because the nation is clearly moved to anger by the Randlords' self-seeking policy? If we cannot trust them on this or any other question, they have only themselves to blame.

Those who have known the inner mind of Chinese statesmen in this connection were prepared long ago for the demand those astute diplomats are now reported to have put forward. This demand is that China agrees to lend the Randlords her active aid, she shall be allowed to send her almond-eye children into British Columbia, where at present they are not admitted at any price. The request is not at all unreasonable from China's point of view, but what will British Columbia, and what will the other British colonies which exclude Chinese immigrants, have to say to it? It looks as if Lord Milner's policy would do a great deal more harm to Imperial unity than Mr. Stead's speeches.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The Komitajis are reported to have committed fresh outrages in the district of Nevropo. The very name of the place shows that it is inefficiently policed.

The late Professor Chabaneau has left nearly all his property to ex-President Kruger. It is added that he had never met Mr. Kruger, which perhaps accounts for it.

Apropos of the M.C.C.'s financial loss over the Australian tour a correspondent points out that it is only a case of a fair exchange. The team got the ashes and the club came down with the dust.

An American lately returned from China scorns the notion that fish and rice constitute the chief food of the inhabitants. "Fish," he says, "is seldom met with in the interior." This proves to demonstration that it is rarely eaten.

The Russian peasantry are said to be looking with confidence for the coming of St. George, who will gallop to the front on a fiery horse and put the Japs to flight.

Apropos of this superstition a contemporary recalls the German belief that at Kyffhauserberg, Thuringia, sleeps Frederick I., who, when the time comes, will stride forth to raise Germany above all other kingdoms. As the centuries pass he stirs from his slumber to say, "Is it time?" and being answered "Not yet," he lays himself to sleep again. On the last occasion he was informed that the time was at hand, but that he needn't trouble as

William the Greatest— "Dot vos all ride," replied Frederick, "you need not the alarm clock again set."

NEVER PUT OUT.

A Lahore paper tells a terrible tale of a ladies' cricket match at the cannibal-sounding town of Thayetmyo. The ladies insisted on continuing their innings despite the fact that they were repeatedly given out by the umpire.

What a picture at the wicket! Is dear Phyllis playing cricket? She receives the fastest bowling with a pretty little poult.

Though her score is not alarming, Yet her style is very charming, And it never seems to worry her when someone gets her out.

When her middle stump is taken, With a confidence unshaken She declares the ball that did it was unquestionably thrown;

Otherwise she would hit it, And the umpire must admit it, And—well, there, if he is nasty she will umpire on her own.

L.b.w.'s in plenty, Aye, and catches more than twenty, She ignores just the reason that she "wants another try";

And we're bound to be conceding All she asks for to her pleading, Lest a pearly tear should glisten in the corner of her eye.

After reading the report on milk, presented by a London medical officer, we are left wondering how any Londoners are left alive. Perhaps in the case of microbes in a "flagon of lymphatic cow" there is safety in numbers.

A weekly paper informs us that when Marquis Ito picks up a book he never lays it down till he has perused it from cover to cover. We wonder whether he has ever struck the Encyclopædia Britannica.

POLYgamists NOT TRUE MORMONS.

We have received a letter from Mr. John N. Rushton, of Hamilton, N.B., who describes himself as the "President of British Isles Reorganised Church Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," and who is anxious to point out that the original doctrine of Mormonism did not include polygamy. It was not until 1852 that Brigham Young introduced this practice on the authority of a bogus revelation. The "Reorganised Church" is composed of those who cling to the original doctrine and hold polygamy to be sinful and contrary to the law.

UNPOPULARITY OF WORKHOUSES.

Charging the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey yesterday the Recorder referred to the case of a woman whose position was such that it was hard to conceive why she did not go to the workhouse.

Doubtless, the great aversion which the poor had to institutions of this kind had something to do with it. Years ago workhouses were probably not very comfortable, but they were much improved now, and efforts ought to be made to educate the people to overcome the strong objection entertained.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

"THE DUKE'S TITLE."

To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

A friend said to me when reading your suggestion as to the re-creation of the title "Duke of Cambridge" for the late Duke's eldest son, that the latter had not enough money or land to be a duke. But, sir, royal dukes are not like ordinary dukes. They are very often quite poor—the late Duke of Teck, for instance; and the present one has not a great income. Also the Duke of Kent, our beloved Queen Victoria's parent, was a comparatively poor man. I think the idea a very good way of showing how the country loved the late Duke and keeping his memory green.

ARTHUR ENDELL HOWES.

Stroud Green, N.

To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

We don't want any more titles. It is a good thing when they die out. I call your proposal snobbery. Who but a fool would want to be called "Duke"! Don't let your paper, which we Radicals like because of its honest stand about Yellow Slavery, be a toad-eater like the other papers.

RADICAL.

HOUDINI AND THE HANDCUFFS.

To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

I was present at the handcuff test put to Mr. Houdini by your representative, and assisted in the hearty British cheers which greeted the performer upon the successful accomplishment of his arduous task. But upon discussing the matter with my friends I find many doubts expressed as to the genuineness of the test, and I think that, in the interest of Mr. Houdini and your representative, these doubts ought to be expounded. The doubters say, "Why do you suppose the name and address of the Birmingham blacksmith, who spent five years of his life in making the lock?" and who are the best London locksmiths who are unanimous in their admiration of it, and who asserted that in their experience they had never before seen such wonderful mechanism?

WILLIAM STONE.

If Mr. Stone did us the honour to read the *Mirror* regularly, he would know that the Birmingham blacksmith's name is Mr. Nathaniel Hart and that a portrait of him appeared in the *Mirror* on March 11. His name has been repeatedly mentioned since then. As for the locksmiths who expressed admiration of Mr. Hart's work, they preferred not to appear in print for obvious professional reasons.—[Ed. "D.M."]

"SUICIDE COWARDLY."

To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*. Your correspondent "J. C. McN." has evidently never tried to commit suicide or he would not talk about being "cowardly." It requires a brave man to do it.

The feel of a steel barrel against your temple or the look of the dark water of the river at night—that tests your nerve.

I do not mind admitting that I have contemplated self-extinction more than once. It is because I am a bit of a coward that I have never done it. I think that in certain circumstances it is the bravest thing a man can do.

R. H. M.

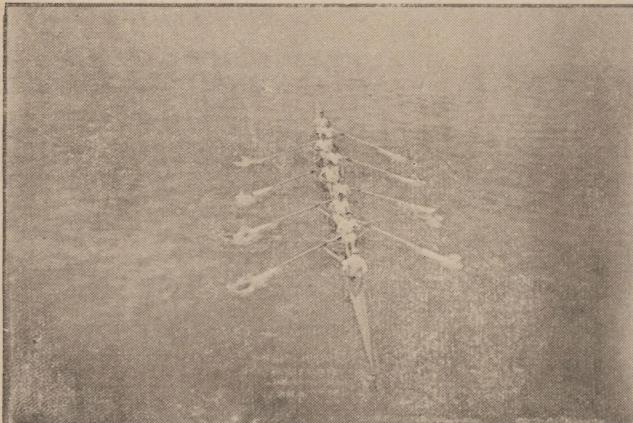
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THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

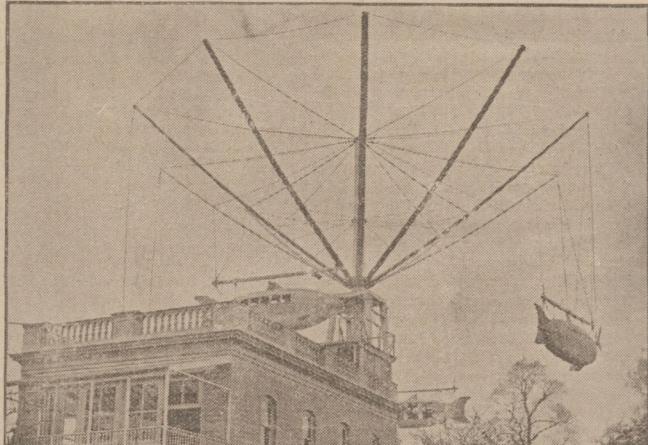
FIT AND READY FOR THE BOAT RACE.



The Cambridge men are considered to have the best chance in Saturday's race. The following are the members of the Light Blue crew:—Bow, H. Sanger; 2, S. M. Bruce, 3, E. C. Johnstone; 4, A. L. Lawrence; 5, R. V. Powell; 6, P. H. Thomas; 7, H. D. Gillies; stroke, M. V. Smith; cox, B. G. A. Scott. [Sterne, Cambridge.]



This realistic snapshot of the Cambridge crew was taken from Hammersmith Bridge yesterday at a moment when the favourites for Saturday's race were in the middle of a hot spurt. [F. G. Calcott, Teddington.]



Sir Hiram Maxim's flying roundabout, photographed at Thurloe Park for the "Mirror" yesterday, is going to Earl's Court.



Nature's whim has made poor pussy famous in Forest Hill. Born with but two feet, she has taught herself to progress in kangaroo fashion, and dots so daily to the amusement of the frequenters of the Forest Hill hotel. [Forest Hill.]



"Miss Mirror" has described this thrilling moment when, Jonah-like, the passenger enters the body of the flying whale and prepares for a giddy whirl in space. Our photograph shows Sir Hiram Maxim's attendants preparing to close the doors.

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is a cat with no
Bedford three years
her front legs shou
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her back legs, wh
in ungainly fash
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A SPRIG



Playgoers who re
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Rarely does
sport a

DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

THE KANGAROO CAT.

Ipsey, the pride of the Forest Hill Hotel, is a cat with no forelegs. She was born so at Bedford three years ago. Beneath her fur where her front legs should be are two bony projections. On these she rests as she pushes herself across the room with alternate wide straddling strides of her back legs, which stretch out like a hare's in ungainly fashion on either side. Before she sets out on her painful-looking journeys from

A SPRIG OF NOBILITY.



Playgoers who remember Miss Rosalie Boote as a charming member of the Gaiety company will be interested in this photograph of her son, who, as heir to the Marquis of Headfort, was endowed from birth with the title Earl of Bective. At two years he bears his honour's dignity.

[Photo—Johnston & Hoffmann.]

point to point, she sits up, kangaroo style, and gazes around for signs of danger. She can climb upstairs as quickly as a man can walk, once she gets going on her two legs. She enjoys a great local reputation as a high-jumper. Before she "takes off" she rears up-and-down and waves herself queerly from side to side, but alights upon

IN GRAND OPERA.



Madame Ghita Corri, here seen in her favourite character of Leonora in "Il Trovatore," will fill several leading roles in the approaching season.

[Photo—of grand opera at Covent Garden. (Hello.)]

the spot at which she aims clearly and neatly. Her record jump is put by the gossips of the hotel bar at 6ft. Marvellous in taste as in structure, she prefers cheese to sardines, and water to milk. Ipsey's owner, Mr. Thomson, the proprietor of the hotel, has refused as much as 75 guineas for her. (See photograph on page 8.)

2, S. M. Bruce,
[Sterne, Cambridge.



low Park for the



flying whale and
lose the doors.

A SPRING REVERIE.



Who can say what thoughts are engaging the attention of this typical young English beauty? Her mind may be set on a far away lover—or the fascinating possibilities of the first spring sale!

[Lallie Charles.]

SMART WORK AT PLUMPTON.



Rarely does the photographer catch a scene so typical of such a fast and exciting sport as coursing. The black has turned the hare and the end is near.

[Photo taken for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

STRAINING ON THE LEASH.



W. Souch, caught by our photographer at the moment when he was about to slip a couple at Plumpton. The hounds are keen to get at the hare.

[Photo taken for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.

MILES FAMILIUS: A scoundrel who has gone years ago. He has been arrested on suspicion of murdering Drummond, but has escaped.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.

PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Familius.

SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.

JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.

ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia.

FARMLIE: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.

INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER ♦ Between the Acts. ♦ XXX.

day he would then and there have taxed her again with the fact that she had someone concealed in her room.

But the hope was very faint, and she felt that indeed to-day had come the climax in her life.

It was only by the utmost physical and mental effort that she controlled her feelings. Everything seemed against her in the progress of the house-keeper was an intense worry; she felt an animosity against the woman for arriving just at that moment, and positive hatred against Manette, first for her hysterical outburst, but more perhaps for her failure to arrive in time to perform her duties. Manette she might have dismissed on some pretext for a moment or two, and found an opportunity for a whispered word to Familius; the housekeeper she must endure or run the risk of offending her and sharpening Woodruffe's suspicions.

Irritation enveloped her as with a cloak. The housekeeper was elderly, a little portly, and obviously nervous in her unaccustomed position. She breathed heavily as she moved about her unfamiliar duties, and made frantic and invariably unsuccessful efforts to guess the position of Pauline's garments in the various drawers and wardrobes, hurrying back at her mistress's almost sharp word of command with a maddening rustle of silk and a tinkle of pendant chain, which jarred on Pauline's raw nerves till she could have screamed aloud.

Manette also would have helped her in her choice of a gown, and Pauline to-night was more anxious to look her best than she had ever been in all her life. Somewhere hidden away in the depth of her heart was the hope that, if the worst came to the worst, she might make the appeal of her beauty to the man who loved her; charm him from his black mood by her very womanhood. So, tortured with fear and remorse and doubt, she still hovered like an inconsequent butterfly from gown to gown, uttering little broken comments to herself on their relative merits. The unwary Mrs. Marlowe, beguiled into an expression of opinion by these spoken thoughts, drew down upon herself a word of reprimand, a reprimand followed by a sweet word of apology.

"I should have thought you beyond such fears," he said. "Manette evidently suffers from a guilty conscience, that is why she fled from the ghost. I suppose for form's sake we had better have a look round. I wonder what she really did see, a mouse or a man!"

"A man!" cried Pauline shrilly. "Oh, John, if you really thought there was a burglar why did you send away Gilbertson?"

"They were at the boudoir door, but Pauline hung back. "You don't really think it is a burglar," she said again.

"No, no," he said impatiently, "and if it were, don't you think I am perfectly capable of tackling any individual man?"

"He might be armed," she whispered. But he ignored the remark, indeed, was already halfway in the room, so perforce she followed him.

Together they made a round of the room; to Pauline it seemed that Woodruffe's search was perfunctory to a degree. With the daring of desperation she even tried the door of the dress-closet.

"Locked?" said Woodruffe. "No one could hide there, then. Well, everything seems serene, doesn't it? I am afraid it was a spook."

"Manette has the key of that cupboard," said Pauline, "she keeps the keys. I expect the silly girl saw a curtain waving in the wind, and tried to terrify us all to death. I shall scold her severely."

"I wouldn't be too severe," said Woodruffe. "After all, she's only human, and liable to mistakes, and she seems to me a very decent, hard-working little thing."

The dressing gown, bobbing through the house, made Pauline start violently. A trinket case she held in her hand fell to the floor with a noisy clatter.

Woodruffe turned sharply on her. "Pon my word, you are looking rocky," he said. "I could not have believed you would be so easily frightened. Hasn't Manette come up again yet?"

"No. I suppose she is still in a terrible state of excitement. She ought to be here now. Do I look so frightful, then? I am sorry that the ravages of excitement should be so painfully apparent. I will try and improve my appearance before dinner. I am tired, I admit. This has been a somewhat exhausting day, hasn't it?" She looked immensely reproachful at him.

At that moment a knock at the door interrupted them. It was the housekeeper with news of the missing Manette.

"I came up to tell you that Manette is very poorly, my lady," she said. "I am afraid she is quite incapable of performing her duties."

Pauline frowned. "How tiresome!" she cried, with excellently simulated annoyance. "She is hysterical, I suppose? Yes, I thought so well, really, she has been very foolish. I suppose I must do without her."

"I wondered if I could render any assistance," said the housekeeper, timidly.

Pauline was about to refuse, but Woodruffe forestalled her. "Ah, that is very good of you, Mrs. Marlowe," he said, with a heartiness of manner not habitual to him. "Mrs. Woodruffe is tired, and a little upset by Manette's ridiculous behaviour. I believe she is really afraid to be left alone in the haunted room."

"I am sorry the girl behaved so foolishly, sir," said the housekeeper, "but she is genuinely frightened, and firmly believes she saw something."

"I think I shall question Manette," began Woodruffe, then laughed, and left the room, with just a passing word to his wife.

The progress of Pauline's toilet was a progress in mental anguish. Woodruffe's conduct left her vacillating between hope and despair. One moment her heart told her that the day was lost, the next that the reconciliation which had been ratified in her husband's mind was final and complete, that her kiss had lulled his suspicion to a long, deep sleep.

But despair had the louder voice. It chafed persistently that there was something hideously sinister in the calm with which Woodruffe had listened to the butler's story, something appallingly suspicious in the careless manner in which he had gone causally round the room, "for form's sake."

There was, of course, the faint hope that had Woodruffe suffered from any recurrence of the suspicious fears which had racked him earlier in the

CHAPTER ♦ The Vigil. ♦ XXXI.

The gilt hands of the clock met beneath the smiling faces of the Cupids, and a chime rang out and mingled with the sound of music; Pauline dropped her hands with a discordant clash on the keys and listened.

"Twelve o'clock, John. I don't think I can play any more."

She looked across at him with dazed eyes. She was on the verge of a breakdown, yet the instinct of self-preservation upheld her.

John Woodruffe got up and went over to the piano, at which, with very few intervals, he had kept Pauline a prisoner for the evening.

"You look tired, darling. I am afraid I have been a brute. It was selfish of me, yet I love to hear you sing. I love to think that it is my possession, that sweet voice of yours, and mine alone. You never sing to anyone else, never have sung, Pauline?"

The woman had no answer. Fatigue and excitement were rendering her almost stupid. She stood up and laid her hand on his arm; his hand closed over it.

"I would like to take you and shut you up in a glass case, I am afraid," he said. "It's a silly instinct, my dear, a silly instinct."

She was a little pouting face at him, and rubbed her cheek crossingly against his arm.

"I should like to be put in a case," she murmured. "But I wish some genii would give us an enchanted carpet upon which we could sit and fly away together, just you and I, to some beautiful enchanted isle, where there was always sunshine—the beautiful loneliness of two."

"A very unpractical wish!" he said, with a sudden change of manner. "And I've no doubt, my dear, you'd be uncommonly anxious to get back in about half-an-hour." He disengaged himself from her with an abrupt movement. "It's been a delightful evening," he said. "I haven't enjoyed such a laze for months. Now I must get to work!"

"To work?" she asked wonderingly.

He nodded. "Just letters. Then I'll go to bed. My dear, I hope you will not sit up reading or any such nonsense, you look thoroughly fagged out."

"I won't indeed," she answered, with weary emphasis. "I'm half asleep. Good-night, John."

He took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips, a long, tender kiss—such a kiss as despair might imprint on the lips of the dying—then, without any further conversation, left the room.

Pauline went with him to the door, and watched him down the corridor, but he did not look round. With a sigh of relief she turned back into the room, and locked the door.

With swift, unsteady steps she passed through the boudoir and dressing-room into the bedroom, and locked that door also. Unless Woodruffe returned she knew herself free from interruption, for she had declined the offices of any temporary maid, and, at any rate, she could satisfy herself as to Familius's condition and offer him for his sustenance the provision of light wine and biscuits made nightly for her comfort. She tapped at the door of the man's hiding-place with trembling fingers.

"Miles, are you there, are you there? Open the door."

"A shadow of myself is here," came the answer, and Familius turned the key and came out. "Have you any food?" he asked. "I'm starving!" His eyes, wandering round the room, fell wistfully on the tray by Pauline's bed, where stood a squat decanter of wine and the biscuits. Without any invitation he filled a tumbler full and drank it off. "Saved!" he ejaculated, and fell upon the biscuits.

"For heaven's sake, don't speak so loud!" implored Pauline. "John may return at any moment. If he found you here, I don't know what the consequences would be—I cannot tell how much he knows or guesses."

"He doesn't seem to have a high opinion of you, my fair Pauline," said Familius, with his mouth full. "Love! I was uncomfortable in that cupboard, but I'd undergo it all again to hear what I heard to-day."

Pauline flushed a dull red. "My heart is almost broken at it is," she said, with distinct dignity.

"But the last stroke upon it shall not come from you. If you cannot control your tongue I shall go down and tell my husband the truth at once."

"There, there," he said, not unkindly. "I am sorry. There will be no necessity for you to do anything so foolish. I'll go into the other room now and stretch my limbs a bit, and if I may suggest it I'd get into a dressing gown, if I were you, and let your hair down or something. It would look better should the worthy Woodruffe return. When the house is quiet I'm going to sneak out. I've had about enough of this. You were right, John Woodruffe's house is not a good hiding-place."

"Why did you ever come?" she retorted, passionately. "What I have suffered this afternoon; oh, dear heaven, what I have suffered!"

"Don't make such a fuss about it. For all you know, Woodruffe is listening at the door at this moment." He went out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

For a time Pauline was too exhausted to move. She sat down rigidly upright in a chair; she could not think, she simply was a creature of aching limbs, oppressed by an immense weight of weariness, with a vision blocked by a great black wall of fear.

At last the mere inaction began to revive her, and mechanically she commenced to strip herself of her jewels. About half an hour afterwards, alarmed by the absolute silence in the next room, she got up and went softly in.

To be continued to-morrow.

£15



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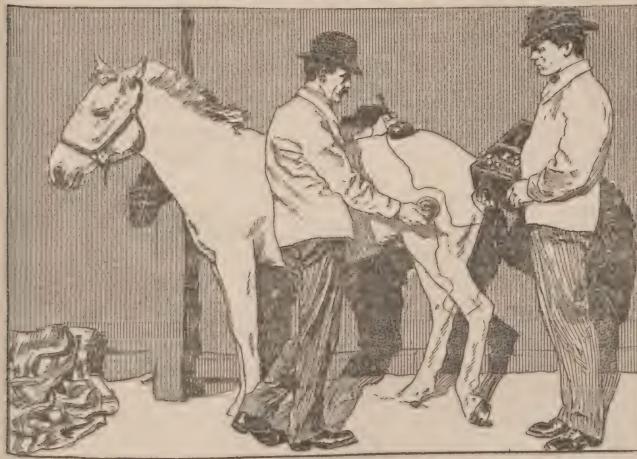
A beauty parlour for horses has been established in Philadelphia. Here horses have their coats electrically massaged, their hoofs manicured, and their teeth filed and whitened; and here they learn to stand properly and to move in all the fashionable gaits.

The electrical massage has the same effect on the coat of a horse as on the scalp of a man; it makes the hair thick and fine and glossy, and,

appearance. Why shouldn't a horse's teeth, indeed, be as white and pretty always as a girl's?

Every few months a horse's teeth should be attended to. Sometimes they need cutting, sometimes they need filing, sometimes they only need to be cleaned. If they are not looked after regularly, the horse gets a sore mouth and stops eating, for a horse, unlike a man, won't eat if it hurts him to chew. Among gaits the most difficult to teach

THE HORSE DOCTOR AT WORK.



Every good horse, according to an American equine physician, should be occasionally given a course of electrical treatment. Gentle application, in the manner shown in this drawing, is guaranteed to revive an old horse and repair the ravages of time and bad roads.

(Drawn for the "Mirror" from)

and a photo taken in Philadelphia.

where the skin has been rubbed bare, it brings on a new growth.

The manuring of a horse's hoofs is a process quite as ornamental as the manuring of a woman's hands, and it is much more useful.

The care of a horse's teeth is another important matter. A horse's teeth differ from human teeth in that they never stop growing. Hence, from time to time, they must be filed down, or otherwise the sharp and elongated edges they develop cut the mouth and hinder the animal from eating. Besides this, it is a good thing to keep the teeth clean, for cleanliness prevents decay and improves the

is high-stepping. This is done sometimes with the whip and sometimes with the spectacle-hood. The spectacle-hood is employed in the case of stupid horses. It consists of a hood with lenses covering the eyes. These lenses make the ground seem very near to the horse—make it seem almost up to his knees; and, in order to advance, he raises his feet very high.

The proprietor of the beauty parlour is a veterinary surgeon of repute. The most expensive and fashionable horses of Philadelphia are numbered among his clients.

"MANICURE" IN THE STABLE.



Up-to-date farriers in America use a set of instruments as costly as those to be found in the rooms of any fashionable beauty doctor. After a course of manicure for the hoofs, dentistry for the teeth, and electricity for the coat, the owner is frequently at a loss to know his old steed.

(Drawn for the "Mirror" from photograph taken in Philadelphia.)

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DRESS FABRICS SALOON.

3,750 yards finest quality Ladies' Dress Cloths, at 2/6 per yard; worth 6/11 and 7/11 per yard.

An inspection of these Cloths is invited.

10,000 yards of best French Printed Delaines, all this Season's designs, at 8/11 per yard; sold everywhere at 1/4 per yard.

SILK SALOON.

3,270 yards of Printed Japanese Silks, in all colours and an enormous variety of designs. Special price, 1/6 per yard; original price 1/11.

3,580 yards of Coloured Striped Soie Mousseline, the newest Silk for Blouses, in all shades, very special value. Special price, 1/4 per yard; original price 1/11.

MATERIAL COSTUME SALOON.

Exceptional Purchase of Costumes at a large discount. Over 150 Models from Vienna, Paris and Berlin, quite the choicest designs for the coming season. Extraordinary prices. 73/6 to 10 Guineas; usual prices, 10 to 20 Guineas.

SILK BLOUSE SALOON.

200 Accordion-pleated Silk Blouses, all colours, 14/11; usual price, 21/-; 200 dozen Figured and Spotted Delaine Blouses, perfectly fresh and new designs. All one price, 4/11. Less than half-price.

LACE SALOON.

22,165 YARDS OF HIGH-CLASS LACE.

1,505 yards of Brode Lace and Insertions, hand-made, on fine Brussels net, equal in appearance to Real Limerick, at exactly half-price.

1,993 yards of Guipure Lace and Insertions, several widths, including a design which is the most beautiful copy of the finest Point Venise ever made, the original to be seen in South Kensington Museum, exactly half-price.

1,246 yards of fine Mauresque Lace, all widths, exactly half-price.

733 yards of Embroidered Lisse Lace and Insertions, in Black, White, and White and Black. In various widths at exactly half-price.

16,688 yards of White Valenciennes Lace and Insertions, in every width at exactly half-price.

LADIES' GLOVE SALOON.

302 dozens of Trefousse's Real Kid Gloves, in Beavers, New Mordore shades and Black. These Gloves are made of the best French skins, and guaranteed perfect fitting. Sale price, 2/6 per pair; regular price, 3/11.

200 dozens 2 Pearl Button Suede Gloves, in new shades of Beaver and Grey. Sale price, 1/7 per pair; regular price, 2/3.

LADIES' HOSIERY SALOON.

250 dozens of Morley's Lace Lisle Thread Hose, in Black and New Leather Tan shades. Sale price, 1/- per pair, or 3 pairs for 2/11; regular price, 1/6.

57 dozens Fast Dye Black Cashmere Hose, with new Lace Fronts. Sale price, 1/3 per pair, or 3 pairs for 3/6; regular price, 1/11.

UMBRELLA SALOON.

SPECIAL LINE IN LADIES' UMBRELLAS.

500 Bordered Levantine Silk, on Sterling Silver (hall-marked) and Plated Gold Handles, steel tubes (small rolling) or ordinary sticks, 7/11; usual price, 10/9.

TRIMMING SALOON.

A Manufacturer's Stock of smart Stole Trimming Collars for early Spring wear, in Navy, Reseda, Brown, Moleskin, Red, Turquoise, and Fawn colourings, also Black and Ecru. Sale price, 2/- each; usual price, 6/11.

A quantity of smart Elastic Strap Belts, in Black, White, Emerald, Navy, Red, Helio, and Sky, with steel studs and ornaments. Sale price, 5/6 each; usual price, 6/11.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO LETTER ORDERS.

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A SALE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THOUSANDS OF BLOUSES

WHERE AND WHEN TO BUY REAL BARGAINS.

Ten thousand blouses! What a prospect the announcement that so many are to be sold at one shop, and at one time, opens up to the girl who is thinking of her appearance in something pretty this coming Easter!

And when it transpires that these lovely blouses—and they are one and all lovely—are to be sold at half-price, and that they hail from that most fashionable quarter, Sloane-street—to be precise, from Maude Taylor's, 163b, Sloane-street—the instinct to go and buy will be strong and should decidedly be obeyed.

Details of Some of the Bargains.

There is a beautiful white silk blouse, smartly trimmed with washing lace and bouillonnées of silk, that costs only 7s. 1d. The lace is so arranged that the pelorus effect now so modish is gained, and the sleeves demand their meed of praise, for they are very pretty and most becomingly trimmed. Still less expensive, and indeed of extraordinarily good value as the shop catalogues have it, are some soft batiste blouses trimmed with a good imitation Cluny lace. These, in all colours, are priced at 3s. 1d. each, and as their washing propensities are excellent they are the most advan-

tageous purchases possible, especially, in my humble opinion, in a good dark blue, which, with white lace, looks very smart indeed.

Delaine blouses there are in hundreds, and very heartily are they to be commended, because of their grace, refinement, and amiability in the laundry; and as well a special word of mention may be given to the tussore silk models, both because they suit any skirt so admirably and because they are intensely modish, whether trimmed with lace of the same colour or with embroidery.

The Illustrated Model.

Sketched on this page is one of Maude Taylor's blouses, a charming model.

It must not be forgotten that gloves are to be sold at the same place, and very profitably a large purchase of them will be found. It should be recollect that Mocha kid gloves, which cost 2s. 1d., a pair, are most smart, and that a tendency is arising to extol shining black kid gloves more than suede ones.

WHERE DOLLS COME FROM.

A FACTORY IN IRELAND THAT EMPLOYS GIRL WORKERS.

One of the most useful and interesting of Irish industries is the doll-making one at the Orwell Art Industries in Dublin, where Mr. and Mrs. Moore give employment to numbers of Dublin girls. Some of the employees work at their own homes in



A pretty spring hat of oat-coloured rough straw, trimmed with a ruche of brown taffeta and a cluster of tea roses and buds. A brown veil is arranged at the back and is worn twisted round the throat in a very becoming manner.



The smart blouse seen above was sketched at 163b, Sloane-street and is one among the 10,000 models to be sold there this week at half-price.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

On the Riviera the death of the Duke of Cambridge has deadened things social for the past and next few days, but Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo are all beginning to fill up for Easter, and things are expected to be very cheery indeed. In the meantime the lawn-tennis tournament at Nice has been attended by many people, and the Cannes Regatta took place under the most favourable circumstances.

Lord Burnham, Lord Glenesk, and Lord and Lady Brougham are all entertaining much as usual.

It is hoped that Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht with his gay party on board will put in at Cannes for a few days on their way down the Mediterranean.

Another Disappointment.

Lord Curzon is very much disappointed that her baby, who was born on Sunday, is a girl, as she had set her heart on having a son and heir to present to Lord Curzon on his return to England. Like Lady Fitzwilliam, whose third little daugh-

ter is now nearly a fortnight old, Lord and Lady Curzon have already two daughters, but no son, so both the Earlom of Fitzwilliam and the Baron of Scarsdale are still without an heir.

It will be remembered that when Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who is the eldest son of Lord Scarsdale, was appointed Viceroy of India, he was very anxious to call himself Lord Curzon. This is the second title of Lord Howe, and at that time was borne by the present Lord Howe.

However, Lord Curzon of Kedleston laid the case before the late Lord Howe, who consented to his so calling himself, on condition that the Kedleston was always retained to mark the distinction, and that it should be entirely dropped when he succeeded his father as Lord Scarsdale.

A Piccadilly Pioneer.

Sir Schomberg McDonnell, who has a birthday to-day, has more than one claim on popular interest, for it was he who first took up cycling and made it a fashionable amusement in smart society.

In those days he was private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury, and it was owing to his influence that the late Premier took to a tricycle, which he learned to ride under his secretary's tuition in the grounds of Hatfield.

Known as "Pom" McDonnell, Sir Schomberg was a prominent member of what was known as the "Piccadilly Brigade," which numbered all the smart young men in society.

Tall and fair, with a well-trimmed moustache and imperial, Sir Schomberg has a particularly nice taste in dress; in fact, he is always so well-turned out that another nickname—that of "the Masher"—was once bestowed upon him. His brother, Lord Antrim, is his exact opposite in matters of dress, and when together they present an almost absurd contrast, the one so smart and dapper, while the other—an earl—looks more like a farm labourer.

Victims of Mistakes.

Very often disappointment has been caused to persons expecting to see some very imposing personage of high rank, when a small, insignificant-looking individual has been pointed out to them. The most disappointing person in this way is the Duke of Norfolk, who is not only far from tall, but usually rather shabbily dressed. He has many stories to tell of how he has been mistaken for different people, and was on one occasion refused admission at some big function because he had arrived on foot, and no one believed him when he gave his name.



C. L. VALENTINE, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

OFFERED THIS WEEK.

22/3/1904.

Mr. SHAW & CO., Bankers (late R. Long Lane, London, H.C. & SONS, City of Leeds, will send Ladies' Beautiful Tailored Cuttles, 1/- each, for the Royal Navy, richly trimmed with Silken Straps, also Linnetto Pockets for the Royal Navy, 1/- each, for 4/- extra, and we shall include with each Set a 18ct. gold-pattern card bracelet with heart pendant, mounted with hearts and diamonds and scented forget-me-nots, cast in pure gold. Illustrated Catalogue of Cuttles, Linnetto, etc., post free.

Address: F. HODGSON & SONS (Bentley, D.R.), Manufacturers and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THIS WEEK'S NUMBER OF

HOME FASHIONS





How London Schools' Nurses
Heal the Children's Hurts
and Soothe Their
Pains.

A London Board school down Spitalfields way, in its big hall a convenient table, a good-sized kettle of boiling water, two small enamelled basins, and a "London Schools' Nurse," arranging a sort of exhibition of bottles, lotions, ointments, sticking-plasters, lint, bandages, and so forth, from a well-filled nurse's "hold-all."

"I've just finished the big boys and big girls," she explained, "now it is the infants—here they come."

And they came! Such a funny, single file procession of babies, and the oddest collection of raiment conceivable. A number of them were Jewish children, with the bright Jewish eyes the Hebrew race possesses.

They like the mornings on which Nurse comes. She sets such a lot of things right, and it is really quite a little holiday to stand in a row and watch everybody else being "done," with the certainty that you yourself will be comforted soon.

"I must have a monitor," says Nurse, "to make a nice straight line and bring everyone up in turn. Who will monitor for me to-day?"

Philip, who is generally in command, is away, and his place seems difficult to fill. The other boys are either shy or lazy, or they want to reserve to themselves those occasional opportunities for amusement and "jarking" which present themselves when Nurse is looking some other way—opportunities which no boy worthy the traditions of boy nature could resist. Why, it is splendid fun just to see how many times you can sit down on the floor and get up again—your very quickest and your very quietest, mind—before the lawful authority catches you at it. Nobody knows why it feels so nice—nobody ever did know; but it just does, if you are a boy about six or seven years old and have twinkling eyes.

The Five-Year-Old Sergeant.

But a very business-like young woman volunteered! She was a success at it, too! Nobody attempted to resist her. She had on a pair of big boots—and they made a nice stumpy noise that sounded like authority. She marshalled her regiment like an officer in a hurry. Asked her name and how old she might be, when she could spare time to attend to mere strangers, she remarked,



Often a child's clothes are kept on merely with a long pin, or even a penny nail.

"I'm Reynor Lewis, an' I fink I'm free, but muver knows!" The head-mistress corrected "free" into "just five," and the officer commanded to fetch up the sick, for there was something the matter with everybody—even with the little chap in vivid green knickerbockers cut to a very new shape out of his mother's frock!

First, there was a tiny girl crying to herself because her neck hurt so. Nurse made suitable comforting remarks, and the damsel was sent home with a note about "mumps and the hospital." Toothache came next, and then the officer presented a young man who was very sorry about his knee. A stocking that was nearly all holes was let down, and he lifted it up for inspection. Once

it had been just a tiny scratch; the rub of his knickerbockers had fretted it, the cold and unlimited dirt had had free access to it, until it had gathered badly, and a half-crown would have failed to cover its present acreage! A disinfecting wash, some ointment, a bandage, and some simple instructions to be "taken home to mother," comforted him much, and he limped away in charge of his superior officer. The nurse added, "But I don't for a moment expect she will do anything—often I find the very bandage I put on still there when I come the following week."

Needless Suffering.

Then they followed—a long procession of tiny children with open sores, sore ears, sore eyes, sore noses, and festering fingers chiefly. I won't describe them—they wouldn't print it if I did. And were they to it would only make one-half of the people who read feel ill, while the other half would throw away the paper dismissing it all as sensational exaggeration. Let them but accompany one

entire living by heating kettles at a farthing each for other people; but a farthing a kettle when farthings are scarce does not encourage washing six or seven children.

Among the little surprises that await the nurses at times are the small children whom they discover to have their clothes permanently sewn on to them to save the trouble and time of doing dressing, this being chiefly among those "too small" to dress themselves. A very common arrangement is a single fastening holding on the entire wardrobe, the fastening consisting of running a stout hairpin through all the clothes as a sort of skewer—a large needle-pin, and even a long, ordinary nail having been similarly removed from this office at various times.

The London Schools Nurses' Association owes its existence to Miss Susan Lawrence, who has worked so long on the London School Board. Visiting the schools she realised how much of baby ache and pain might be saved by a comparatively small expenditure of time and money. With the help provided by friends a certain, though quite insufficient, number of nurses have been engaged to visit certain schools once a week. So much has been accomplished by them, both in inducing cleanliness and relieving pain, that the Board itself has now appointed others to supplement the work, and it is expected that presently the force will be made adequate to the needs of all the children, and will greatly assist in improving their physique.

STEAMER'S GRUESOME FIND.

The officers and crew of the London and North-Western Railway Co.'s steamer Snowdon had a gruesome experience during the passage from Dublin to Holyhead last evening. Half-way across the Channel a boat was noticed drifting about with apparently one occupant.

On a boat being lowered from the Snowdon it



"She cried because her neck hurt so."

of those nurses for a half-day's work and they will know that no one could exaggerate the amount of entirely needless suffering England's little children endure—not for want of affection at home, but for want of soap and water and sense.

A Mountain of Stockings Wanted.

"Any sore feet to-day?" asks Nurse. There were none as it happened. And she said to the *Mirror* representative, "I wish you could have seen a squad of children I had in last Friday's school, every one of them sitting on the floor waiting for me to come and make it better, Nurse!" Only sores from bad boots and stockings. Oh, how I wish the women who read the *Mirror* would send me piles of boots and socks and stockings—piles, simply mountains high. These mothers buy the boots very cheap. They are never comfortable, but they answer until they get wet for the first time. Then they are like paper pulp. They dry stiff and wrinkled, and blisters and cuts cover the poor little feet. Never washed or bandaged the sores grow and grow until the wonder is that the children can walk about at all. Imagine what neglected sores would naturally be covered up by unwashed stockings and bad boots."

Novel Ways of Dressing.

But the worst class is yet to come—the five-year-old person, born to command, dismissed her regiment and brought up another, of patients whose sufferings arise mainly from neglect at home. Not wholly blame-worthy either in every case. The vermin-infested condition of the very flooring and woodwork of many of the older neighbourhoods accounts for the state of the poor little bodies. Their underfed conditions, too, produce eczema, and the eczema breeds pustulosis, unless accompanied by a scrupulous cleanliness that is almost an impossibility in homes supplied with neither hot water nor bath. In many of the large tenement blocks at least one woman may be found making her

was discovered that the strange craft, which bore no name, contained the corpse of a man about twenty-two years of age. The body was taken to Holyhead for an inquest to be held upon it.



The poor underpaid kettle boiler has little time to attend to her children.

NO ROOM TO LIVE.

The Landlord as Agent in "Race Suicide."

The terrible effects of the lack of accommodation for the poor of our great cities are known to all. But it is true, as stated by Mr. Arnold White in the sensational article quoted in yesterday's *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, that their inability to find house room when they have large families is causing the poorer classes to resort to any steps to restrict their families?

That they are thus turned out cannot be disputed. Mr. Arnold White stated that "the landlords who devote themselves to this class of property have made a sort of informal union which debars labouring men with large families from obtaining suitable shelter. . . . The birth of the third child is a signal for eviction." This is a fact, but, as the secretary of one of the companies owning a large number of tenements points out, it is hardly a fair way of stating it.

"We make it a rule that only two people may live in one room," he said, "but why write of it as though it were a fault of the landlords? In the tenements built by the L.C.C. and the Borough Councils a similar rule prevails. The health of the people demands it."

"Undoubtedly it, in many cases, means great hardship for the tenants. A poor man takes two rooms, and has, say, three children, one over fourteen years of age. Counting the two under fourteen as equal to one adult, that means four people, and when another baby arrives he has to go."

Homeless Children.

The evicted tenant, who has probably been paying about 8s. a week for his two rooms, may be unable to afford the 8s. for three, and even if he can afford it the tenements are so crowded and the smaller landlords so much against tenants with large families that he may not be able to secure house-room. But does that prospect cause him to take desperate measures to limit his family?

The general impression among those who know is that it does not.

An official of a charitable society who has been for many years visiting in Southwark, where Mr. Arnold White said the evil is growing, had never come across a single instance of anything of the kind.

"The poor are far too careless of the future to think of it," he said.

And an official of the Southwark Public Health Office was of the same opinion. "To the best of



"I'm Reynor Lewis."

my belief," he said, "the birth-rate has not been falling among our poor. It has only decreased among the upper and middle classes. The case which Mr. White quotes is in my opinion altogether exceptional."

Yet the exception of to-day may be the rule to-morrow, and it is difficult to see how the danger can be guarded against. The only remedy seems to be cheaper and quicker means of transit, which will enable the working classes to live outside the great cities and easily get to and from their work.

WELL-TO-DO WOMAN DIES OF WANT.

Remarkable evidence was given at an inquest held yesterday on the body of Elizabeth Pritchard, a single woman nearly eighty years of age, who died on Friday at Wormelow, Herefordshire. The jury found that death was due to starvation and neglect.

The woman owned some property and a considerable sum of money, having banked at least £2,000. Notwithstanding this she lived in a most penurious fashion, sleeping on a sofa covered with bags.

She had no light or fire, and her neighbours probably kept her in food. She was formerly a gentleman's servant, and had left all her property to the son of her old master.

